

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

VOL. III NO. 38

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2. A year for rich people.
\$1. A year for poor people.


Look And You Shall See
AN ELEGANT SUIT
FOR TEN DOLLARS.

You won't find anything to compare with it anywhere.
For our \$12 all-wool suits, in all shades, shapes and sizes, you pay \$18 & \$20 for elsewhere, and think you have a bargain. All-wool pants \$3. Handsome line of Children's Suits, from \$2 to 5. "Mothers' Friend Waist" 75 cents. In our

TAILORING DEPARTMENT

We show over 500 patterns, and we save you from \$10 to 15 on every suit. Never pass us, if you need anything in our line. You'll regret it, if you do.

ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE
M. KAUFMAM & CO.,
54 East Main street, Lexington, Ky.

W. N. BASS.

W. J. CALVERT.

BASS & CALVERT,
PAINTS, VARNISH, -
- - OILS, GLASS, ETC.

ALL KINDS OF
PAINTERS & SUPPLIES.

NO. 9 BROADWAY,
Lexington, Kentucky.

HUGH HICKS, MANAGER.

— DEALER IN —

Carpets, Oil Cloth, House Furnishing
GOODS, ETC.

37 NORTH BROADWAY,

Second Floor, over T. T. Skillman's Wall Paper Store, Next
door to Opera House.

Will be open for Business after March 1, 1862. Wants Friends and Patrons to
to call and see him in his new quarters, whether they
want to buy or not.

D H BEATTY,


FENCING -- CONTRACTOR.

Keeps constantly on hand a full stock of the following Fencing, Fencing
Material, Gates and Posts:

FARMERS' FRIEND PICKET FENCE,
and will contract to build Bastard, Post and Rail, and Plank Fences. He
also keeps Lons, Chestnut and Oak bored Posts; Locust, Cedar and
Chestnut Plank Posts, and Gate Posts of all Grades. Also T Rail Farm
Gates, Wood and Iron long Gates, and all classes of walk Gates.
Also Fencing Plank and Flat Rails.

Terms: Cash inside of 30 days, add 8 per cent additional on all book-
ed accounts.

D. H. BEATTY.

KAUFMAN, STRAUS & COMPANY,
No. 12 East Main Street, Lexington, Ky.

We are receiving our Fall Stock, which is entirely new, there is
nothing left over.

DRESS GOODS

IN WOOL AND SILK OUR SPECIALTY.

We get our Styles as soon as they reach our Louisville firm, and
we assure our patrons of the correctness of the same.

LADIES' and MISSES' HOSIERY

— A SPECIALTY —

We keep over four hundred different styles of Ladies' and Misses' hose, in
price from ten cents to \$5 per pair. Ladies' muslin underwear.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Kid Gloves, from one dollar up.

FALL WRAPS JUST IN.

KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.,
No. 12 East Main Street.

*Charles P. Moore
Editor*

HOW THE PARIS "CHRISTIAN" CHURCH PUT ME IN JAIL.

In resuming the publication of the
BLADE after so long a suspension, my
readers, and especially those who
live at a distance from me, would
naturally want to hear my explana-
tion of my silence.

From the latter part of February
until the first of June there was a
series of threats, violence and pro-
secutions at law, ending in my being
sentenced \$100.00 and put in jail for two
months, and the illness of my wife
from nervous prostration, consequent
upon the treatment that I received,
which made it impracticable and fund-
able, had I been one in the
visible, to publish my paper during that time.

Insults were directed at me in a
high official position in Lexington
and threats of violence against me
were made by them. The conduct
of these men was highly applauded
by the newspapers of Lexington, all
of which are fully in sympathy with
the liquor interest. The town is
dominated by saloon men and white
drinkers; a portion of it, Megow-
an, including those that belong to
churches, go to these horse races and
bet on them and excepting one ser-
mon by Rev. J. W. McGarvey, neither
pulpit nor press has come to my
assistance to rebuke these things
and this country of chelures and
college claiming to be distinctively
Christian, presents the anomaly of
having the only man in the state
who is publicly proclaimed an in-
dustrial fighting single hand, so far as
any public effort is concerned, an
immorality that puts Kentucky in
the lead for lawlessness and makes
it a proverb for that which is disre-
putable throughout the land.

Of course I refer to George W.

Bain as a worker against all this, but
he is national in his influence, his
labor being from ocean to ocean and
I get no more advantage from his
advocacy of the same cause that I do
than would any other laborer in this
department who may be in the most
remote part of the country.

Moral sentiment and courage are

at a low ebb in this State.

Recently all the churches of Lexington

united in public resolutions con-

demning one single house here cal-

led a pool room that is simply a

small and insignificant auxiliary to

the racing business, and one that

has no political influence. But these

churches will not dare pass resolu-

tions denouncing the saloons and

distilleries, the race course and the

flaunting audacity of the baguio in

our city.

I have always announced myself

as a non-resistant, but there seems to

be some doubt of my sincerity and

when I brooked insult and

threat from men in Lexington, and

they found that I was really an ex-

ception to the popular conception of

"honor" and "chivalry" in this state,

it made a butt for that class of

men who would avail themselves

of an opportunity to inflict

retribution in Kentucky's popular

reputation and fear of the

interest of the Paris church.

Three of them belong to our

church, three of them belong to

that of Christ, and I have heard

it rung behind me as I was just

going to step upon a train at a lonely

station where no one was in sight,

and the threats and the

most profane language began the

outrages upon my rights as a Ken-

tucky citizen that ended in my be-

ing fined \$100.00 and being put in

jail for two months by the Paris

City Court.

An incident has lately occurred in

Lexington that indicated something

about the courage of those Lexington

men who have distinguished

themselves by their threats of me;

they being holders of very lucrative

offices in Lexington, and therefore

under more than ordinary obligation

to defend the city with their distin-

guished physical prowess. A coun-

cilm, who is a saloon keeper, hav-

ing violated an ordinance of the city,

the police attempted to arrest him,

in broad daylight, in the middle of

one of the most prominent streets of

the city. This councilman drew a

bowie knife and a pistol, and defied

the police until they were afraid to

approach him.

The Chief of police came and would

not arrest him and he is now under

indictment by the grand jury of this

county for not having arrested that

councilman.

That saloon keeper's defiance of
the city was protracted until it was
generally known throughout the city
and they never did arrest him. But
of these officers of the city who get
their living out of rich offices of the
city, who gained such praise from the
newspapers of the city for their val-
or in threatening me, known to go
unarmed, and to entertain Quaker
convictions about fighting, there was
not one to put in an appearance;

when you would naturally infer from
them to the press of the city that
they say one of them would not
have hesitated to walk up to that defi-
ant saloon keeper and yank him off
the house without a moment's hesita-
tion. But those men knew that saloon keeper would fig-
ht, and it was not a good opportunity
to display their particular kind of
valor. I do not suppose there is a
man in Lexington who thinks that
the men who have distinguished
themselves by threatening to kill me
would have dared to approach me as they did
had they not that I had arms, and was
ready to use them as they knew

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AT THE WINDOW.

Here from my chair I see them go:
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Under the window, they do know.
A little boy is here—
These two are looking, where they gape?
They—How do you do?—I guess they say
They wonder why I stay in here
Instead of running out to play.

My two big brothers and the rest,
Are playing there beyond the wall;
My brother Jack can play the best;
You ought to see how the boys do it!

And a little girl is here—
She's spilling, spilling, spilling play
And she helps them, this, and that;
My papa and mamma go away,
And I forgot what keeps me here.

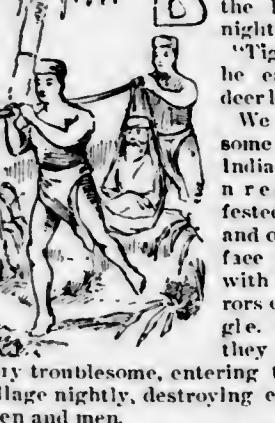
If I could just be out all day,
And go out, too, it would be fine,
Well—I can see the others play
And take their turn instead of mine.

I watch them here from up above—
You see, I'm not the same;
I love them so—and I can love
As well as if I was tame.

—Robert Hale, in *Youth's Companion*.

SAVED BY AN ELEPHANT.

A Miraculous Escape from an Indian Tiger.



“OY, what was the noise under the house last night?”

“Tiger-ness, he eat up pet deer last night.”

We had been some years in India, living in a region infested by tigers, and often came face to face with them, with the tiger on the prowl. One late they had been very troublesome, entering the native village nightly, destroying cattle, children and men.

We frequently amused ourselves in the evenings, blowing a huge and counting the number of tigers that would run in answer to the notes; and also to frighten away the jackals, who used to come in numbers around our bungalow and make night hideous by their mournful voices. It had been a hot, restless night, and the first gray peep of advancing dawn found me stretched “out in a reclining chair on the veranda, waiting for ‘photobazaar,’ and mentally arranging the coming day’s duties. For me the wonderful coloring of a gorgeous sunrise had lost its fascination, yet I lay watching the shadows creeping and spreading themselves beneath the man-groves and lime trees, when it seemed a strange shadow crept across the ground.

What that shadow was I knew not, but something unusual was in sight. Perhaps it was only a shadow, but it seemed to crawl with the infinite, deadly grace that only a tiger has. Just as the light rose clear above the fringing belt of cocoanut palms there came trotting up the path, toward the bungalow, chanting a song, two Sudras carrying between them a bundle suspended from a pole, the ends of which rested on their heads. The Sudras are great terror to the natives. They are very poor and live all their lives near starvation. But they are happy in their domestic life and show special care for the aged or infirm. Placing their burden on the ground, at the foot of the bungalow steps, they made a profound salam, carefully turning back the cloth from their load, and lo! a smiling old father looked up at his affectionate sons.

“The great father wants to die on the bank of the sacred river,” they said, in answer to my question as to where they were going.

“But it is far to the Ganges, and many dangers wait in the jungle.”

“Yes, but the great father must rest in peace. Has Meemah seen any elephants or tigers this moon?” they anxiously inquired.

“Alas yes. Three days ago one man was taken; last night a deer from under our house.”

With a low reverence they caught up the old father and quickly moved down the sunlit path and faded from sight in the tangled shadows of the orange and lime trees beyond. The silent and dark moon reigned, and the boughs only lay the shadows of a parent or the eye of a monster. Calling my native servant girl I set out for a walk, and followed down the same path taken by the Sudras. We had gone about a quarter of a mile when we were

AMERICAN TOURISTS.

A Graphic Description of Their Style in European Travel.

Americans traveling in Europe are for the most part in an innumerable of perspiration. Starting with what they call “the small and insignificant island of Great Britain,” and having adopted the feeling of the Yankee who said he thought England a very nice little island, but was afraid to go out on it, the tourist, in his first night in the land of the tiger, was ready almost to his bones to go to bed, and the tiger seized him by the shoulder. A vigorous shake dislodged the beast, but again it charged, and the terrible conflict was well begun. I could not properly describe the scene. The moments slipped by with rage. With a great roar the tiger was ready to spring, but the beast ten feet away in a bunch of grass, but it was back again in an instant. The blood poured from a dozen great wounds in the elephant’s body. At last he caught firmly around the body of the tiger and began to throw it backward and forward between his fore and hind feet, then kneeling up, it crushed it into the earth, and with a final kick went trumpeting into the jungle.

We were now free to go home. The brother who had so nobly risked his life was not seriously hurt, and had crept away during the fight. But the excitement was too great for the aged father, and that night there was a grave under the sacred banyan tree.

—Mark P. Parker, in *Memphis Appendix*.



A HEAVY TIGER CROSSING THE PATH, started by a slight noise in the bushes behind the boughs of a banyan. A tiger leaped like the snapping of a twig. We looked quickly back, but nothing unusual was in sight, and the peaceful song of the Sudras came clear and distinct just ahead. We moved on a few steps, but another backward glance showed us a huge tiger crossing the path between us and the bungalow. Never in my life have I felt my nerves give a worse jump. I shook all over in spite of myself. It must have been this tiger I saw under the trees this morning. We were helpless. Strange and thoughtless as the man seemed, knowing the tiger to be dangerous, we had gone out unarmed. The first impulse was to make a dash through the jungle and endeavor to reach the bungalow. But was escape in that way possible? Would not the tiger be upon us before we could reach the edge of the woods? A movement in the elephant grass on one side showed us the huge tiger crossing the path between us and the bungalow. Never in my life have I felt my nerves give a worse jump. I shook all over in spite of myself. It must have been this tiger I saw under the trees this morning. We were helpless. Strange and thoughtless as the man seemed, knowing the tiger to be dangerous, we had gone out unarmed.

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BLUE & GRASS & BLADE.

The Blue Grass Blade is published every Saturday at Falmouth, Ky.

Charles D. Moore
Editor

BEEN TO HEAR

Sam Jones at High Bridge Camp Meeting.

I am just back from hearing Sam Jones at the High Bridge Camp Meeting.

Took my youngest boy, my wife won't go to them; she draws the line at camp meetings and circuses. She don't go much, but when she does she goes to Cincinnati, and takes in Loebengard, with such folks as Patti and Albinoni and Nolinoli in the east. But there's nothing stuck up about me. I would not go to a one ring, two clown circus, nor to an ordinary Methodist camp meeting. I think they are denominational, and that Christian people ought not to patronize them but a man or a woman who never saw Barnum, nor Juanito, nor Sam Jones has not seen all of the world by a large majority.

I had heard that story old Horace Greeley got off about Adlers at camp meeting time, for at least five years before I ever caught on to it. One day it just happened to strike me, as I was walking along by myself, up by the custom house in Lexington, and I just thought in my soul it would kill me. I laughed for a week. It's to tough to put in a newspaper, but any newspaper man can tell you about it.

I am no prude nor Puritan, if I am a Quaker. I have no respect for any man who will tell me a story that they did not object to my having my peculiar religious notions if I would only keep them to myself. That's exactly what I say about any religion. I don't mind how much of it a man has just so he keeps it to himself. But when you hear a man claim that he is "sanctified," and he gets to doing that "amen" racket, and "Praise the Lord" business, if you have anything valuable about you had better watch it. That fellow is fixin to steal something, or run off with some woman the first time he gets a chance.

The first three or four hundred times I read how Sam Jones had pied out one of these sanctified coons in his audience and called him a dazed old boozie nose—*s—o—o—o—*, I enjoyed it very much; but after that I got to be somewhat monotonous.

I can't say exactly that I was so much impressed with the rhetorical finish of the expression, but I was powerfully impressed with the great amount of God's truth in it.

If a man, purely from an admiration of the heroic character of Jesus Christ, wants to imitate and emulate his life and character, and goes along through life honest and kind and doing any good that happens to come into his way, and is jolly as long as he can be, and is said when he is in trouble and can't help himself, and you never hear him say anything about religion any way, except when some body wants to talk to him about it, that man will do the best. But when you come across one of these sanctified niggers that piays a hell around with him, and says "Amen," "saboot," and is always asking you if you can drop in some night, and at his prayer meeting it will pay you to watch that fellow.

He's got some scheme on hand, and he's going to swing you the first time he gets a chance. Nearly all preachers going and church goers that is done these days, by men in towns, is done for business advertisement. In the country they go to talk politics and gossip about farming. The women go to show their clothes, and the young people go to see each other. The sermon is the last thing, and that's a perfect bore to every boy, and they all go home and he shows how they enjoyed it. But when you go to hear Sam Jones there is something just as really enjoyable, in it, as in going to a good circus.

I know that what I am now saying about Sam Jones will sound strange to those who have read any of my many prior utterances about him.

I went to hear him this time, it being the second time, expecting to say, in my report of him, that I exceedingly doubted whether he was any good to the Prohibition cause. Of course the methodist part of his religion will always speak to me, but I naturally fall all prejudice in favor of his prohibition politics. I had actually chosen the first line of the article that I was going to write about him. I was going to say that Sam Jones, Sunday, hell, turff and base hell were live American institutions that may be invited to speak about; but I am going to take Sam off that list.

I have always thought it strange that I so radically disagreed with some men that I liked, when we came to talk about Sam Jones. I met, at the national Prohibition convention at Cincinnati, Editor Aranstead of the Nashville *Issue*. He is a nice man and a dear old gentleman, a man after my own heart, and edits a Prohibition paper that I wish I could make like as a general thing, but sometimes he fills his paper with the dandiest rot about Sam Jones that I ever read; and yet,

strange to say, I read everything in it where I see Sam Jones' name. Bro. Aranstead is a straight goods, orthodox Christian of the Methodist stripe, I think, and it would seem natural that he should be stuck on Sam. But that's only half. If there's another man in the United States who is as good a Prohibitionist as I am it is Bro. W. W. Goddard of Harrodsburg, Ky. He is just as straight goods as heathen as I am, and will cross a little beside when he hears some fool talking against woman suffrage. But he's dead on Sam Jones, and I will talk your ear off about him any time you have two or three days to listen to him. Now how do you account for that kind of a mystery? Let me give you a pointer. The Millenium's coming, and it will be here before you know it. In twenty-five years from now the people will no more listen to a man preach who does not vote for Prohibition than they would listen to a horse thief preach. The Kentucky preacher today who takes for this drunken Democratic gang that has charge of the politics of this state is worse than forty horse thieves. There is no comparison. During the war, many a man who is now a good citizen stole a horse or several of them. When they had me in jail down at Paris there was a great big honest hearted farmer that had a fistlike hot maul that used to come to see me two or three times a week. He was a Presbyterian, and the first time I ever saw, or heard of him, he and an Irish Catholic came to see me at the jail, and he quoted to me that I had said in the Blaine that Catholicism was the worst religion that the devil had ever invented except Presbyterianism, and then he told me that he was a Presbyterian and that the other fellow was a Catholic. I told them yes I had said it, and I won't say it again. I was trying to get them to leave. Things were looking awful for me down there, about that time, and I didn't know whether those two fellows were going to hang me or not. I thought they might be Campbellite preachers or Chiliasm or what, and I know there was no telling what that conclusion would do to me, so I said that was honest.

All the good in their creed was put there by my grand father, who, at heart was just as much of a heretic as I am, and of precisely the same stripe. He could not stand the racket against him, but he had nobody but himself to hang me on. I thought my half loaf was better than no bread; and Bro. Solon said he made laws for Athens—not the best he could make, but the best they would stand—my grandfather gave the people of his day the best religious instruction that they were capable of receiving and approving. All the transgressions of Campbell's church was put there by Rev. Peter Campbell and his crew of the old Scotch Presbyterianism that he made a field good, but somehow unconvincing. They got out of "the old fashioned" and I have heard, and I have tried to put something a little fresher in the way of theology" into his head, but he was too old and too much set in his ways for me as young as I was to take. I am the only fellow I ever saw that made him laugh. I don't know whether he laughed with me, and I don't care, but he laughed all the time he was in my life, so touched by a prayer as I was by Father Mahoney's English prayer, with just a little suspicion of Irish brogue to it. If there is anything that makes me tired it is to hear one of these old fashioned preachers get off a prayer so as to have the newspaper reporters say of it that it was one of the finest messages ever delivered to an American audience.

That Rev. Jefferson had had about twenty-five fire fights since the war, and he would have whipped Sweeney and Remington for my day. I encountered him this time. He told me, so he said, for what I had done, that he had a college boy I have, pretty early in the night, borrowed some fellow's horse, saddle and bridle, and neglected to notify the owner that I had done so, and after I had ridden out in the mountains, I had ridden right into a thicket of bushes, and he had to get me out. He said, "I am sorry for what I did to you, but I brought him back to where I got him; but I am not enough of a hypocrite to stand that Presbyterian was that he talked about stealing a horse during the war, and he did not think it any more harm than a Sunday school superintendent would think. It was to steal money out of a bank. 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